

Shape of You by RaulHaven

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Summary: Jonathan, Nancy and Steve. Three different personalities, one event in common. Will they learn to understand each other as the time goes by? Who said that we aren't able to love each other? After all, the heart wants what it wants. (Anxiety, Bullying, Harrassment, Love, Polyamour, Teenage Love, Paranormal). Feel free to leave a review, I know it will be a controversial fic.

Shape of You

Shape of You – Prologue

A/N: Hi guys, I know it's been a few years since publishing, but I haven't stopped reading fanfics since I love FF. I wanted to explore new territories and in July I watches Stranger Things, and let me tell you. It's AWESOME. I'm one of the very few you support the Nancy/Steve/Jonathan polyamorous couple hahaha. I hope you like it,

After defeating the Demogorgon (*or whatever it was...*) I thought my life would return to what it once was. As usual, me, Jonathan Byers, *the weirdo, the queer one, the stalker*, got into another life dilemma.

Time Lapse – Demogorgon Defeated.

Sure, Will is back. He's still trying to re-adapt himself from going to the upside down and coming back. He still has nightmares while trying to sleep, and sometimes he stands in front of the bathroom's mirror, coughs a few times, watches himself for 2 minutes, and then he gets out. But even though he is not fine (as much as he tries to assure mom and I that he is fine), he has his friends. Together they will help my little brother be a kid again.

My real dilemma started the Christmas night after defeating the Demogorgon. Nancy Wheeler, the girl whom I fell in love with while trying to get out of this mess, is back with his boyfriend, Steve Harrington, the guy who commanded my "bullying squad" in school. As much as I dislike him, I have to be grateful, he helped me beat the monster, and if he weren't there, I wouldn't be here.

Nancy decided to stay with him, and, to my surprise, he wasn't as much of a jerk as before once it all ended. On Christmas, Nancy gave me a gift, and wanted me to open it at the moment, but I didn't want to. I was too nervous and too mentally conflicted to do anything, so I just picked Will from the Wheeler's and left, returning to my house, and trying to bond again with my mom and my little brother.

As soon as I got into my house, I opened it carefully, only to discover

a new camera. I know that Nancy's family is not poor, but I'm sure she couldn't afford by herself a new camera. This one was even more expensive than the one I had previously (and it was of second-hand). I wouldn't even dream of buying it in a not-so-far future because it was so expensive. With the camera came a lot of supplies such as rolls and papers, and somehow, I think his boyfriend had to do with this.

He might be too disgusted and freaked out by the thought that the weirdo and the straight-A student were braver than him, fighting against a supernatural creature...well, before he helped us, I think.

On December 26th, Steve came to my house *without* Nancy, and asked if he could talk to me a few minutes. *Good thing I have the house to myself*, I thought. I didn't want anyone interrupting or eavesdropping.

"I came here to apologize." Steve told me some minutes later after he entered to my house and sat in the living room. I could tell he was as stressed as I was, because he was playing with the hem of his shirt. *The Steve Harrington feeling nervous, wow.*

"About what?" I said after a while.

"I want to say sorry for all the hell I've put you in school, and I didn't even pay attention about the hard time you were having with Nancy, helping her and his little brother's friends defeat that weird monster." Steve said, in a rush of confidence. "I talked to Nancy a few days ago, and I came to thank you for being there when I couldn't."

Don't bring Nancy into this, I won't know how to react.

"Part of me wanted to say thanks, but you know how I am, and that's why Nancy and I bought you a new camera. I broke your old one, and I don't even know how much you worked to get it and get the supplies. It was the least I can do." *Should I still stay mad at him? After all, he seems genuinely sorry, and he's telling the truth, I can tell, he has this "awkward" aura beneath him, the same as me.*

I still didn't respond. I knew he wasn't finished yet.

"I also know that you are in love with her." Steve said while getting up and walking to where I was sitting. "W-why do y-you think t-t-

that?" I told him, stuttering.

"Don't worry, I'm not mad. Nancy won't tell me ever, but you and her have this bond that I will never understand. I want you two to be friends, to help each other go on and get over this shit." *Was I in a dream? I can't believe this.*

"You're lying; I can't believe you're treating me like a human. All this time you treated me like if I were the dirt of your shoes. You even made Nancy feel like she was nothing, why would I believe you? Huh?!" I said, annoyed by this "angel act" of Steve.

"Are you an idiot?! I'm here, like a MAN, accepting my errors, telling you how I sorry I am for your life, and how grateful I am for you helping her". Steve grabbed me by my arm, because I couldn't stand this bullshit, so I got up, but he trapped me.

"I want to call for a truce. I want us three to be at least acknowledge each other."

What?

"Nancy gave me this. She wanted to give it to you." He said, while handing me a letter. He took off my arm and sat in the single seat of the living room, concentrated in the alphabet painted on the wall.

Jonathan,

This few months have been a total mess. Without you, I don't know if I would still be here. I know Barb is gone forever, but as she left me, you came into my life. You're my friend, and I want you to know this.

I am aware of your rivalry with Steve, which is also I tried to knock some sense into him. As much as I know you don't want it, I got back together with him because I like him, and also, you and I both know we owe him part of our lives. If he didn't hit the Demogorgon, we wouldn't be here.

Please, just please, let's move on. We all know this won't ever be like it was before. We have grown up, and this experience is just the beginning of even stranger things. I want us three to be on good terms. Surprisingly, Steve is okay with this, and I need YOU in MY life too, Jonathan.

Please think about it,

Nancy xx

"I'll try." I said. "I want to test waters first, I'm not emotionally p-prepared for this, but I will do this, for Nancy." I said in a rush of confidence. I couldn't even look at Steve in the eyes, so I shut them and told him all this.

"Thanks, man. I promise I'll try as much as I can." He said. "I have to go now" he stood up and started walking to the door.

"Tell Nancy I'll try, too." I told him, opening the door and waiting for him to get out- "Thank you." He said while hugging me.

WHAT?!

This is my dilemma. I can't say I hated it. Since this mess ended, I really can't say I'm mentally okay. I might be weird, but I know it shouldn't be *right* for me to feel this warm on my chest. Don't get me wrong, I love Nancy, but...I don't really know what's happening in my head. Really, I think I need a jump start.

He got out of the house and took his own car to go to another place, but I couldn't even think about anything.

Am I a queer? Were Steve and Tommy right? I've never been good in this "dealing with feelings" topic. I always tried to aisle them and bury them in a symbolic box, so I don't get hurt, not like when my father lived with us.

What about Nancy?

Jesus, I'm REALLY, really going crazy.